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better system, particularly with regard to the administrative records, and with reference to all the records, is by a united effort of every national or local body interested in culture, in patriotism and in good government, and on behalf of the American Library Association, as one of its members, I have the honor to present to the Association a brief resolution, and ask, after it be read, that it be committed to the Council for its consideration.

The resolution was here read and by unanimous vote referred with approval to the Council. (For text of resolution see minutes of Council, page 185-6.)

Dr. ANDREWS: Mr. President, in seconding Mr. Paltsits' motion for a reference to the Council I should like to couple with it a vote of thanks of the Association to Dr. Jameson for the clear and able manner in which he has presented to us a question of great national importance.

President ANDERSON: I am sure it is only necessary to call for the "ayes" on that motion.

There is no subject of more vital interest to this country than the Americanization of its immigrants. The next speaker has given this subject a great deal of study. While he was a student at Oxford University, having learned to speak Italian, he spent his summer vacations among the Italian people in their native land, living their daily life and becoming as nearly one of them as an American could. Returning to his own country, he transferred his interest to the Italians who had emigrated to America. Through close observation and association he learned the immigrants' need for practical instruction in the little things of their daily life here. To make a long story short, he found that there were no books in Italian to give the newly arrived immigrant the information he most needed in his daily life in this country. At about the same time the Connecticut Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution awoke to the need of such a book, and asked Mr. Carr to

write it. The result is what is popularly called "The little green book," although a translation of the correct title is "A guide to the United States for the Italian immigrant." Someone has truly called it also, "A guide to the Italian immigrant." In recognition of his services to Italians in this country the King of Italy about two years ago made Mr. Carr a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy. "The little green book" proved to be so useful that there sprang up in various parts of the country a demand for a book of the same kind in other languages. So far it has been issued in three languages, Italian, Polish and Yiddish, with variations in each case to suit the particular needs of each nationality. An English translation of the Yiddish edition has also been published, which I would cordially commend to anyone who is interested in the immigrant. The author is director of the Immigrant Publication Society, whose offices are in New York City, and he has some practical ideas on the part played by the library in the Americanization of the immigrant. It gives me great pleasure to introduce Mr. JOHN FOSTER CARR, who will speak to us on "The library and the immigrant."

THE LIBRARY AND THE IMMIGRANT

The library was long a sort of institutional Lord Bacon. All learning was its province. Now its province has become all life—first of all, American life—and it is already the greatest of our popular universities. It is ever seeking larger powers of usefulness, and striking is its development along simpler and humbler lines.

In the new duties that immigration has brought, it is unquestionably meeting the greatest educational problem yet unattempted in this country. The Census Bureau states the size and significance of that problem when it announces that there are four million foreign-born white men of voting age in the United States, who are not citizens, and two million men and

women, either foreign-born or wholly or partly of foreign parentage, who are illiterate.

It is of the very first national importance that the foreign-born who are to remain among us should be made an effective part of our democracy—a vital part of our own people. But how shall they gain quick interest in our collective life, our citizenship, our government? How shall they be given our English and a knowledge of American conditions that will make their daily life easier, improve their working skill and wages, and reduce by one-half as congressional investigation has shown that English does, their liability to industrial accident?

The change for the immigrant in coming to America is most often a change from the most primitive agricultural life known on this planet to the most rapid-moving urban life of our western civilization. Here country is already city, all life is urban and wonderful are the educative forces of our city life.

When Firmin Roz, keenest of French publicists, wrote the other year of the marvels of the United States, he put in the very forefront of his preface the most astounding thing he had found: "There," he said, "the aged and out-worn races of the world repair, cast aside old age like a garment, and renew their youth in American life." I believe that if you see the working life of our foreign-born at its normal, all of these toilers seem in marvelously rapid process of Americanization. I should like to give you a detailed picture of the swift change.

But there are two little stories that I must tell. Some few years ago I had the great pleasure of meeting Archbishop Ireland. He had been interested away back in the 70's in colonizing the people of the tenements of New York and other cities of the East on the prairies of the West. But all of a sudden this very successful work of his was given up, and I had wondered why. I asked him about it, and he said he had other more important work to do. Trying to guess a rea-

son, I said, "I suppose that you saw then what we understand now, that the Irish and the German are so nearly akin to us that they are rapidly Americanized, but what shall we do with these new peoples that are coming to us from the east of Europe?" I shall never forget how quickly he answered, and with what vehemence he said, "Do nothing, let them breathe this air, let the free winds of America blow over them."

And in another quarter I found another instance of that same theory of the miracle-working power of American air. I was taking dinner with my friend, Davide Schiaffino, a former ship's boatswain, and I was eating a dish of macaroni with garlic sauce, which his wife had tempered according to my known taste. And while we were eating the small boy of the family, some four years old, kept interrupting our conversation. Finally his father raised his hand and gave him a great clap where it would do the most good, whereat the boy shouted, "Ouch!" His father said to me, "What does that word mean?" And when I had told him it meant the same as "oi-oi" in Italian, he said, "That little fellow is a regular American." "And," he added, "I do not know where he gets it. His mother will not let him go out because on the streets he will only learn bad words and bad things, and he never sees any other boys." And then he said in his rattling Genoese: "By the way, did you notice how he doubled up his hands into fists to strike with? No Italian boy would do that. He is a regular little American. Sometimes I think it comes in at the window."

But rapid as the process is, they are often in close touch with the worst and not the best side of our civilization; they often become more or less one of the class of which economically they happen to form part. How often you will find a man of good foreign education speaking an English marked with the accent of our tenements—an accent that is but type of a vital thing! They too often lose the

restraints and ideals of the old world and find nothing to replace them.

What of the material of our immigration? Doing ever simpler and simpler work, more and more widely do you reach those nearly on the minimum line of education. You will soon have books for illiterates. What then of illiteracy? I see no menace. The facts lead me to optimism. There is, first, something hopeful in the fact of statistics—that at present the highest percentage of illiteracy in admitted immigrants goes with the lowest percentage of deportations. In other words, illiteracy does not show any discoverable connection with other undesirable qualities, and illiteracy is not difficult of cure.

I commend to your attention one of the most interesting government documents I have ever seen, a bulletin issued by the Bureau of Education on illiteracy in the United States. That bulletin contains a story, that can be called no less than thrilling, of the elimination of illiteracy in Rowan county, Kentucky, by a Mrs. Stevens, who in 1911 happened to be elected county school superintendent. At the beginning of her work in that year she found in Rowan county 1,152 illiterates. She started moonlight schools and she started them in a popular and in an efficient way. At the end of two years there were twenty-three illiterates left in the whole county, and it is interesting to learn the detail of the twenty-three. Six were invalids, six had defective eyes, five were idiots, two had recently come into the county, and four were put down as plain "stubborn."

We should know more of the mental fiber of some of these illiterates. There is a woman in New York, a laundress of my acquaintance, who is an illiterate. She has some thirty customers, and washes every week many hundred articles of clothing. Yet she never makes a mistake in assigning the proper garment to the proper customer, and, more remarkable, she never makes a mistake in her bills.

And there comes also before me the

figure of my friend Ferrari. Ferrari is entirely an illiterate. He has a large second-hand furniture business. He has, so his neighbors say, a fortune of \$100,000 laid aside, wisely invested in six city houses. Ferrari, by the way, happens to be a very shrewd critic, as I thought one day, of our education. He said, "Yes, I am sorry that I cannot read or write, but I know numbers, and I never make any mistakes in adding, or forget accounts. Sometimes I hear educated people talk, and they seem to me to talk a great deal of foolishness, but there is one point where I always have them at a disadvantage. When they are talking they think of a great many things, and I only think of one thing."

In this great work of education, a problem of many sides, partly solved these last years by the wonderful new educative forces, the hard drill of our industrial life, the library has a far greater opportunity than the school. Friendly and helpful, its aid is more inviting and less formal. It makes less strenuous demand upon the attention of a man who is often very tired after a long day's work. It welcomes those who think themselves too old for school. It is open throughout the year, where the night school at most is open only seven months of the year. It can furnish papers and books in the immigrant's own language and thus provide a familiar and homely air. A common meeting ground with Americans, it gives him a sense of joint right and ownership with us in the best things of our country, and this with no suggestion of patronizing interest. The librarian, at least, publicly urges no offensive theory of the immigrant's need of civilization and moral uplift. "Sir," was the complaint of an Italian workingman, "these investigators are as smoke in our eyes." But neither curious nor officious, full of good will and usefulness, the librarian's power of help is boundless. Best of all, I think, the library can put the immigrant in effective touch with American democracy and American ideals, and so, better than any

other agency, destroy the impression of heartless commercialism that many of our immigrants, in their colonies, continually assert is the main characteristic of our civilization.

Work for our immigrants is not wholly a new thing in American libraries. It dates back many years; but it is new in the extent of its present enterprise and interest. Its progress has never been without opposition. Many have insisted that the immigrant should have no books in his own tongue. Many have wished him to forget everything he was or thought before coming to America, and they have been jealous of foreign languages, insisting on English.

We have a theory of American blood that is a fiction of tradition—that it runs in the line of Anglo-Saxon blood. But we forget our origins, that 250 years ago sixteen languages were spoken in New York, that in the Revolution men of every race and nation fought side by side for an ideal and a country that belonged equally to every one of them. We are not, and we never were, of one blood. A waiter in an Italian workingman's restaurant one night in my hearing gave this opinion of what it is to be an American. He said: "Americans are not like us Italians, or you Frenchmen (pointing to a Frenchman there), men of one blood. They are a society of people who think alike."

If the immigrant is to think alike with us, if he is to be a good American, we must give him some sufficient reason for respecting and loving our land. And how better than through the library can this country of ours be made alluring, accepted in love? Alluring certainly is the library's invitation to personal progress and self-betterment, and in its friendly room are an American environment and the atmosphere of our spoken English.

It is the unvarying experience of librarians that every attempt made in opening the libraries to our recent immigrants has had large and unexpected success. Providence reports that the hunger for books among the foreign-born is keen and

universal. Boston, welcoming the unskilled laborer as well as the cultured student of the classics, has had striking progress in these new efforts the last three or four years, and incidentally has discovered—eloquent testimony to the ambition in the homes of these workers—that the "children of foreign-born parents read a better class of books than their American brothers and sisters." A Brooklyn branch lets it be known that men coming from work with their dinner pails are welcome. And at once the library reaches a point and has success of service before unknown. An evening paper of the cheaper sort publishes an editorial in praise of Buckle's History of Civilization, and before six o'clock the same night another Brooklyn library in the heart of a colony of foreign-born has given out its two copies of Buckle, and filed six reserve cards. It was a workingman, grimy from the shops, who returned Hamerton's Intellectual Life to the librarian in a Massachusetts town, with "That's what I call a good book."

The result of broad and aggressive work in the New York public library has had an instant return. During 1913, as the report records, the circulation of Italian books increased by nearly ten thousand—a remarkable growth when a moment's calculation shows you that it amounts to nearly twenty-seven per cent, falling less than four per cent behind the Yiddish, read by the most eager frequenters of our libraries.

And here another significant matter may be learned, useful for quoting to those who think the dominance of our English threatened by the foreign languages. In this same report the large total is set down of the circulation of German books—by far the largest circulation for books in foreign tongues. Yet, figuring again, it appears that for all the new inducements and attractions of the library, the annual gain had barely passed one-half of one per cent.

The community life of our foreign colonies rapidly passes. Its picturesqueness

and foreign customs vanish, its theaters and festivals. Representing our earlier immigration the plays of Harrigan have gone with German tragedy and comedy, gone, too, the German and Irish comedians of the old variety stage, gone with the generation that could understand their fun. Even the Italians' picturesqueness is on the wane. Their street pageants are not what they were. The music of the colony dies—Tannenbaum and Wearing of the Green. And in spite of every effort its speech is lost.

It is surprising how quickly a language is lost. I heard the other day a story of the Italian editor of one of the most important Italian papers in the United States. I perhaps should fairly characterize that paper by saying that its spirit is if not anti-American, at least very aggressively pro-Italian, very strong on the side of the Italian language, its sanctity, purity and beauty. This gentleman was involved in a libel suit which took him to Rome, where his case has recently been tried. The papers adverse to him have reported with great glee how during the course of that trial the judge turned to him and said, "Sir, will you have the kindness to speak in Italian, because as it is, it is impossible for us to understand you."

But we were talking of the reading of German books. The generation of the great mass of our German immigrants is, of course, rapidly passing—so rapidly that by the last census, in spite of an immigration of 700,000 for the decade, our total German-born population decreased by over 300,000. This goes far to explain a stationary circulation. But it is also clear that these same people, the most literate, and the most tenacious of their national culture of all our earlier immigrants, have come so far into the practice of the English language, forgetting their own, that further increase of German readers in our libraries is hardly to be looked for. It is plain that the menace to us is the complete disappearance of the foreign languages now current. For his own use and

self-respect the immigrant should be encouraged not to forget his origins. We should no more be jealous of Italian or Jewish or Polish societies than we are of St. Andrew, or St. Nicholas, St. George or Holland societies.

It is important for the immigrant to learn English more rapidly, and the library can greatly help in this. It is also important that the knowledge of foreign languages should be seriously cultivated among us. It could now easily be made a national accomplishment, as it is in many countries of the continent. Our great cosmopolitan nation should be in direct and immediate touch with the science and social progress and literature of other great nations. We should plant in this vigorous soil of ours their love and understanding of art and music. Here again the library should greatly serve us.

But such results as those attained in New York with the foreign-born only come as the consequence of hard and earnest work. There are difficulties a-plenty in the way. Our foreign-born working men and women oftentimes know nothing even of the existence of the library, or they have a strange fear to enter, and need much persuasion before they can believe that they will be welcome visitors in such splendid buildings. Often, too, they seem to fear that the library may be connected with a church that is trying to proselytize them, or that some advantage may be taken of them. They need to learn that the library, like the school, is non-sectarian and non-political; that it is the property of the public, and that full privilege of it belongs to every man and woman and reading child. For this reason their priests and rabbis make the librarians' most helpful friends. Once the immigrant workman is persuaded to enter the library, he needs immediate personal attention. He needs to have the different rooms of the library in some way explained, the few simple rules given him to read in his own language. Index cards are impossible to him. The open shelf is generally almost useless. He knows

little or nothing of the proper use of books; often he has never even handled one. He requires the librarian's aid in the mysteries of selecting and registering books. In short, he requires much painstaking individual help.

But how bring the immigrant to the library? In a number of places, very ambitiously, lists have been made, classified by nationalities, of all the foreign-born families living within the radius served by the library; and to each family an attractive postal card notice has been sent. But in many of our cities such work would be an almost impossible task. In such cases, and generally, very effective publicity has been found in the distribution of cards and leaflets bearing lists of appealing books. These have been sent to the multitude of national societies and clubs of various kinds that exist, as well as to drug, stationery and grocery stores, to the rooms of trade unions and to factories. Many librarians are regularly sending boxes of books to such very practical distributing centers. And public schools, night schools, parochial schools are being pressed more and more widely into the service, and the teachers' help very effectively claimed.

In some of the New York branches rooms have been assigned for the use of literary and historical societies, and here meetings with music have been held for the discussion of literature, history, folklore and social questions. By one admirable and popular plan a special visit is invited of a group of men and women of the same nationality. The librarian receives them and one of their own countrymen explains in their native tongue the privileges of the library. Most of our foreign friends are used to being read to, and an adaptation of the story hour has brought excellent results. It has proved fruitful in the independent and more careful reading of books, and has sometimes directly opened the way to the formation of library clubs.

In New York, also, lessons in English have been given, the library itself often

supplying the textbooks needed. This has promptly caused a greater demand for simple books in English. Librarians report that every effort such as these described not only increases membership and revives the use of cards that had fallen into disuse, but gives a profitable opportunity for intensive study of the neighborhood.

Successful experiments of great variety have been made in providing evening entertainments organized directly by the library. These have included simple lectures, often illustrated by the stereopticon. Very popular among these lectures have been those on the agricultural opportunities of our country.

No greater service can be rendered either to the country or to the immigrant than the agricultural distribution of people who really wish to go back to the soil. It is astonishing how wide is the gulf that exists between our industrial life and our agricultural life, so wide that these people rarely come to know anything of our farms or of American farming life and its opportunities. Sometimes I have thought if they have any concept at all of even the geographical greatness of this country they must think that this continent of 3,000 miles is covered with one unending line of tenements. For one day I saw an Italian woman looking at some roses in the window of a florist in Bleecker street, and as I came up beside her she turned in a friendly way and smiled at me, and said in Italian, "How very beautiful they are." "But," she added, "they must be very expensive." I said, "Oh no, why do you think they are expensive?" "Why," she said, "because they have to bring them all the way from Italy, you know. No roses grow in this country."

There have been addresses by men, often leading men, of different nationalities to those of their own speech; musical entertainments, vocal and instrumental; dramatic recitations, with national music on the phonograph; exhibitions of photo-

graphs of Italian art and lace. As many mothers have children too young to leave alone, there is the suggestive instance of the library at Mount Vernon, that has invited parents to bring their little ones to the children's room, where they were separately entertained.

Emphatically it is a work that is fast growing, spreading usefully over the country.

Two instances I wish to cite. One, the humblest, of a little workingman's library that was started in an Altoona kitchen in 1912, a library that started with ten books in a soap box. I was told that when these foreign-born workingmen first came they did not always take off their hats as they entered the kitchen, and their faces and hands were not always clean. But there was a rapid improvement in those respects, and at the end of two years that little library has grown to have 560 books, distributed among six branches, with a circulation of 300 books weekly.

Then take the most ambitious instance. To develop this work efficiently within the borders of the state, Massachusetts through its free public library commission is carefully organizing effort, learning the exact location of the foreign colonies, their nationalities and library facilities. The active interest of the leaders of the various groups has been secured; and with the help of a traveling secretary specially provided by the new law to take up this educational work, the results achieved within a single year have been so very promising that it is hoped these efforts may be greatly extended. And where one state has so practically led the way, others must soon follow.

All this reveals the broad field of service now opening to our libraries. It is a field in which we need the help of everyone who believes in what we are doing. Some of our immigrants are Americans by right of the spirit, if not of birth. I will tell you of one:

He was a little wizened, squint-eyed, old man. He told me one day he came to

America because of Lincoln, and I asked him how that was. He said he was born on the shores of the sea of Azof, and that as a boy he heard this story of Tolstoi: That Tolstoi was once traveling in the Caucasus, and having the opportunity to speak, and being very fond of speaking, he spoke to a Tartar tribe through an interpreter. He was at that time very much interested in Napoleon. So he spoke of Napoleon and other great war captains. When he had finished the Tartar chieftain said, "Now, will you be good enough to tell my children of a man who was far greater than any of these men, of a man who was so great that he could even forgive his enemies?" When Tolstoi asked him who that was he said, "Abraham Lincoln." So this man came to America, and beside his telephone in his little shop in New York, there are the two great speeches pasted on the wall, and very old and grimy they are. I asked him about that. "Oh," he said, "I learned them quick. But when I am waiting for a telephone call I let my eye go over them, and you know I always find something new and something fine. It is like a man who looks into one point of the heavens all the time, he ends by discovering a new star."

Our foreigners are not all like my Russian friend, and yet for all, slowly or rapidly, their life merges with ours.

We are apt to forget that a man becomes an American, that his blood becomes American when the judge signs his second citizenship paper. Whether he becomes a good American or a bad American depends in some measure upon ourselves. The great virtues and ideals that we are fond of thinking characteristically our own are often equally the national ideals of other lands. The Pole has a wonderful tradition and a land, yet like the Jew is without a country. *Patrie* or *Vaterland*, it is the same. Italy, too, has its great cult of patriotism, that sum of all noble national qualities that it calls *Italianità*. But *Italianità* and Americanism are hard to distinguish in a moral

definition. And if we find in America some special glory and leading, even some tang of the air, that no other land could give, we may be sure that our nation, for all the races of our origin, will never become great on its cosmopolitan plan, unless we respect and nourish the culture and all the precious heritage of the centuries, developed by other countries at such heavy sacrifice and brought us, sometimes humbly and indirectly, by the millions of our immigrants.

President ANDERSON: The subject of libraries for rural communities has always interested the members of this Association, and we feel that we are this evening to have the subject elucidated from a new point of view which will be both helpful and instructive. The United States Commissioner of Education hardly needs a formal introduction to this body. However, it gives me great pleasure to present to you Dr. P. P. CLAXTON.

LIBRARIES FOR RURAL COMMUNITIES

The duties of the Bureau of Education and of the Commissioner of Education of the United States are to make such investigations and give such information to the people of the United States as will assist them in establishing and maintaining better schools and school systems, and otherwise to assist in promoting education among the people. The library and the librarian are helpful in both, and without the help of these neither can be done very successfully.

The school is not the only agency of education, nor is it the only agency supplementary to the home. In the United States children attend school on an average of 5,000 hours; children in country communities attend school probably about 4,000 hours. Between birth and the age of 21 there are 184,000 and some odd hours in the life of a child. If children sleep an average of 10 hours a day, probably enough, approximately 109,000 waking hours remain between birth and 21,

5,000 hours in school (for country children 4,000 hours), and more than 100,000 waking hours out of school, less than 5 per cent of the conscious waking life of the child in school. If we represent the life of the child from birth to 21 by an oblong surface of 184 units, 109 of these units then represent the conscious waking life of the child and 5 of the units represent the school life of the average American child. Four of the units represent the school life of the average country child. This helps us to realize the very small part which school life is of the total life of the child. The child in the city of Washington who attends school every hour that school is in session is in school only 900 hours in the year. There are 8,760 hours in the year; the children of Washington who attend regularly and promptly are in school 900 hours and out of school 7,860 hours; 8,760 and 7,860 sound so nearly alike that one can hardly tell the difference.

Only a small part of the education of any individual is obtained in school. The home was the primitive institution of education; then came the church, the school, and the other supplementary agencies, among them the library. The teacher in the school deals with a small group of subjects in a narrow and formal way. According to the American method lessons are learned and said from textbooks, and textbooks are not books in the best sense.

Neither is the teacher in the school a teacher in the highest and best sense. All teachers may be divided into two classes. This division into two classes may indeed be made in several ways. First, there are teachers made of clay, and teachers who have had the breath of life breathed into them. Every superintendent of schools knows teachers of both classes. In one room he finds a teacher made of clay, whom he goes up against with a dull thud and who sticks worse than Uncle Remus's Tar-Baby. In another room he finds a teacher whose soul is on fire. She has had the breath of life breathed into her. Instead of the thud, there is resilience. But there